

What About Us?

Story: What About Us?

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Summary: When everyone gets home, a certain group of them are overlooked...

***Chapter 1*: What About Us?**

What About Us?

A fanfic by Da Mage F.S.

First off, yes, I know my username is weird. Don't ask.

Secondly, and much more importantly, this is pretty much spur-of-the-moment (said moment being somewhere around eleven thirty at night) and probably one-shot. I might add more to this, but I doubt it. It hasn't really got a 'plot'-it's just one of the character's ramblings. Read and review. Or just read.

Now, on to the fanfic!

I am Flint.

Flint, the Venus Djinni. One of the children of Venus. One of the mighty elementals, living Earth Psynergy, a miniature pseudo-god.

Please, just call me Flint.

Humans are strange when it comes to glory. When we all eighty-four (Seventy two Djinni, eight powerful Adepts, three weaker adepts, and one freakishly annoying old man) of us returned to Vale, or what remained of it, we were met with cheers, applause, you name it. If there had been anything recognizable as a street left, you could bet there would be a parade going down it for us.

Well, some of us anyway. Three of us.

Sure, they were cheering for us all, but you could tell they were giving much more credit to Isaac, Garet, and Felix. The

latter slightly less than the first two, but still substantially more than the rest of us. Isaac and Garet, the 'Saviors of Vale', had been sent out to stop what we had eventually done from happening; but this didn't stop the villagers from singing their praises, though. Felix had been seen as a traitor, and many people who would have easily trusted him with their lives in the past even now hadn't said a word to him.

Jenna, everyone assumed, had been 'rescued', and they didn't even know Ivan, Sheba, Mia or Piers. Kraden, everyone knew, had been much more of a burden than an aid. His case is pretty much the only one I agree with.

But still, even they were appreciated more than us. The only ones who thanked us for our hard work were the Adepts themselves. No one else thought us necessary-we were "just animals, after all."

If you were to ask one of the children of Vale, one of them who plays outside in mock-battles with their friends, who Garet or Mia was, and you'd get at least an hour's worth of speeches, acts, and imitations of the heroes.

You ask who Flint was, and it would be a different story. They'd assume you were talking about a neighbor, a far away friend, or someone they hadn't met before, certainly no one important.

The Eight Adepts, as they are now called, received statues, memorials, songs, anything they wanted-except, of course, less attention.

What about us?

What about Flint, Echo, Cannon, Flash, Zephyr, Whorl, Spritz, and Shade? What about the sixty-four other Djinn

that helped the Eight on their way?

We (or at least I) don't want anything big, just a serious mention would be fine. There was so much they couldn't do without our help, or we knew and they didn't...

So why can't anyone just thank us? Accept us? Whenever the Adepts try and tell anyone how much help we were, everyone seems to go deaf or bring up some time when they didn't (or the villagers think they didn't) need us. By the time they can bring we were there, that we were something to talk about, that we were more than just cute little animals that were, yes, useful once or twice but nothing they couldn't have done without.

Oh, I'm sure that they could have done it without us, but it would have been so much harder! The amount we can magnify or modify their Psynergy amazes even us, and we're the ones doing it!

Why can't anyone else acknowledge us?

Why?

What about us?

Well, tell me what you think, and if you think I should keep doing this. Thanks for taking the time to read this!